

The Lomond Press

VOL. 1. NO 52.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

LOCALETS

N. Holden is extending the size of his blacksmith shop, Hesketh and Patton being the structural architects.

John Holo is fixing the steel level where he deposited the earth from the bank cellar.

Wheat cutting will be quite general around Lomond by the end of next week, some having started already. The continued dry weather has quickened the ripening. Lowering clouds gave evidence of wet weather but the dry planets prevailed as far as this part of the province was concerned. Wheat has filled remarkably well and promises to thresh out a good average, some crops we feel certain will average from thirty to forty bushels to the acre, while a great many will run around the twenty bushel mark.

Robt. Plunkett has an outfit at work on the Benson hill on the south east road. McArthur's road gang has moved to the north road and when that work is completed will spend the remainder of the season on the new road running west.

J. H. Donily left on Tuesday on an extended trip down through the States, Ira driving him as far as Lethbridge as a starter.

J. Evans arrived in Lomond on Wednesday with a gang of brick masons to erect J. Hartwick's veneer wall. From this job they go to Travers to commence work on Paulson's new pool room and hall.

Next week The Press will publish a long and interesting series of letters from John L. Haight, who is now in the aviation service across the seas.

Frank Wilson took a trip up to the mountains for a few days at the end of last week.

F. O. Cox returned from Calgary on Monday, having made the trip by motor.

J. A. Bowers with a party of friends took a flying pleasure trip to Lethbridge on Sunday.

If the report is from reliable basis that the Canadian government has loaned the U. S. Valcartier camp as a training ground for half a million men, there would appear to be a good deal of startegy left in the Canadian war office.

M. N. Harman has rented a pool room and barber shop at Gadsby and will move there to reside. Mr. Harman is holding an auction sale of his entire household and property tomorrow afternoon, H. E. Elves being the auctioneer.

Last Call for the Fair!

Bring Your Exhibits Early.
A Good Time Assured!

Lomond District

Harvest will commence in earnest next Monday. The crops will not be as poor as expected, the heads will be filled out better than would be thought a few weeks ago.

The roads are being fixed up these days in readiness for grain hauling. The farmer's day is coming and is almost here.

Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett and family and Mr. Ainlay returned from the hills last Friday. They were one ridge of hills from the mountains and report fishermen plentiful along the river. The above sports expect to take another trip this fall, with better equipment.

Bob Sinclair's house will soon be ready for the lucky one. Bob is quite an industrious farmer, and a fine new house should be some attraction.

"Get your binder ready," is the slogan now, new binders are being taken out in the country almost every day.

Ira Donily has an outfit drilling a well on Billy Benson's place. We hope water will be found in abundance.

Frank Harrington took a trip to Parkland last week. He is interested in the condition of crops up there as well as his rented farm east of here.

Elmer Jensen motored to Lethbridge on Monday and filed on the N. quarter of 15-16-20, making the necessary deposit to cover the improvements already on the land. The day of homesteader is not yet at an end.

To steal a man's girl is not an unpardonable offense, because it has become an affair common. But to steal the girl and a fellow's meal ticket to celebrate on, goes beyond the limit. Lomond's youth found itself in terrible straits on a recent occasion. Immediate lack of currency caused the embarrassment. There was no way out but the resort to larceny and the coupe-de-grace was made without incriminating charges being laid. Moral: "Buy a meal ticket without holes and keep securely attached to Sunday clothes."

"The Press" in France

In France,
June 25th., 1917.

Dear Editor:—

I first wish to congratulate you on good faith in the district of Lomond in starting a newspaper.

I myself being there at the starting of the town feel interested in its welfare and am pleased to read the news in the volumes of its own papers.

It may be a surprise to you but have seen it two or three times, even out here, it was a great pleasure to me to read of old associations.

You people will know as much of the progress of things as we do, as ours is mostly just on our own little district.

Anyway I think I can say that the Canadians are a splendid lot of fellows and are certainly doing excellent work the recent engagements they have been in being very strenuous and they have come out gloriously.

Well I will bid you good-bye now with the best of wishes for the future of Lomond and its people.

Yours, very sincerely,

Percy Hesketh.

REMEMBER!

The Lomond Red Cross Society will serve meals in the church both days of the Fair. Meals 50c.

Donations of home-made cooking thankfully received at the church.

LOCALETS

A. Parker has disposed of his grocery stock to Webster Bros., and from now on will conduct a fruit exchange and meat market, the latter to run in connection with his general cattle and hog buying business. Mr. Parker is engaging an experienced butcher to handle the retail meat market.

Dr. Nelson, dentist, of Vulcan, will start his regular visits to Lomond beginning August 16th coming weeky.

Western Canada College

Mr. and Mrs. C. Carrington, of Kindendale, whose son is now attending Western Canada College at Calgary, have handed us the following for the benefit of those who may be anticipating some similar course of training for their sons.

Sir R. Baden Powell has said, "I do not know when the war will end, but I do know that the war will be won in 1935 when our present schoolboys will be serving the Empire adequately and efficiently through the all around training being given at present."

It is a patriotic duty for parents, no less than the giving of their elder sons to fight the Empire's battles of today, to see that their sons are given an adequate training which will enable them to uphold the great traditions of bravery, chivalry, honor and justice which are being formed today at such a terrible cost.

Ever since its inception in 1903, Western Canada College has striven to impart these high ideals, and by its system of training, and strict discipline, by its home influence and careful supervision, all that is conducive to the development of character is maintained.

The school training in gymnastic exercises and athletics, conducted under the supervision of a fully qualified expert has always been a marked feature of this College where health is a first consideration as it enables every boy to develop a healthy physique—a sound mind in a sound body.

Here are some of the results of the career of this College:

1. Seven masters and two hundred and five old boys have enlisted to battle for the Empire, fourteen of these have made the supreme sacrifice.

2. Scholarships, prizes and honors have been won at some of the Universities such as McGill and Alberta.

3. The Sword of Honour, the most coveted prize of the Royal Military College of Canada, and the chief command of all cadets there, is the proud possession of a Western Canada College old boy.

4. Some of the most successful farmers are old pupils of this College.

5. Many of the most rapid promotions in banks and business houses have fallen to Western Canada College old boys.

6. The prominent citizens of Alberta, and elsewhere of all denominations in professions, in business, in farming and ranching have shown their approval and confidence by sending their boys to Western Canada College.

With such a school right in the Province, there is no need to incur the great expense of railway fares to the East or West. Results speak for themselves and prove that its training is equal to any in the Dominion.

The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.
Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP

LOMOND, ALBERTA, AUGUST 3, 1917

THEY ARE ANSWERED

Calgary Herald.

Critics who based their objection to the conscription bill on the ground that conscription of men was unfair unless there was also conscription of wealth, are answered by the income tax bill introduced by the finance minister in the commons.

By the terms of that bill it is proposed that all married men in receipt of an income greater than \$3,000 and single men or widowers without children earning more than \$2,000 are to be assessed on their earnings in excess of these amounts at the rate of four per cent. For those who are in receipt of income greater than \$6,000 there are graded supertaxes making the levy greater as the income increases.

The proposal is an attempt to make every man who stays at home and is earning more than is really necessary for the sustenance of himself and his dependents pay his reasonable share of the war expense of the country. It is an application of the principle of direct taxation which is quite justifiable in war time and the man who objects to it is likely to become most unpopular with his neighbors. We imagine if there is any criticism of the bill at all it will be on the ground that not enough is being taken from those

who are in receipt of very large incomes. However, as a start the measure is by no means bad; it may be improved as need develops.

This new taxation measure is intended by the finance minister as an answer to those who have been calling for the conscription of wealth. Thus far there has been no clear definition of the phrase from those who so strongly advocate it in general terms. Perhaps in the discussion over the income tax bill we shall hear something more definite as to what is really meant by wealth conscription.

LOCALETS

George Frownfelter has fixed up the interior of his meat market so as to present quite a respectable appearance, besides giving him a good deal of extra floor space in his shop. George has also erected a slaughter house south of town.

The Armada Red Cross dance drew a good crowd last Friday night and a very enjoyable time was experienced by all who attended.

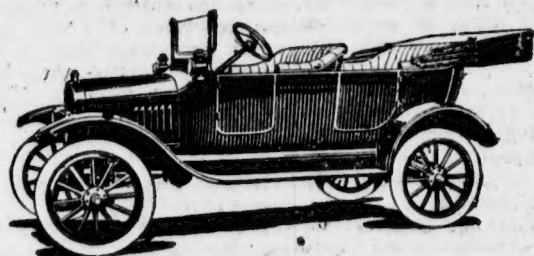
The Standard Bank is undergoing inspection, F. D. Patterson of Calgary doing the job.

Mr. and Mrs. McGill, of Blackstock, Ont., spent a couple of days last week as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Swain.

Mr. Ottoson, of the R. M. C. at Calgary, having enlisted from Post Falls, Idaho, spent a couple of days in Lomond this week calling on acquaintance before his regiment leaves for overseas.

John Delaney and household are free from diphtheria quarantine.

Jang How is treating his restaurant to a coat of paint.



"MADE IN CANADA"

The 1917 Ford Touring Car

\$555.00

At my Garage in Lomond.

Dollars and Cents

Buying a Ford car is a matter of dollars and cents to the purchaser.

In the first place the initial cost is a matter of economy when compared with other cars.

Then the cost of operation is low--this is an "ask a man who owns one" argument.

Compared with a team and carriage, the Ford comes away ahead in efficiency and economy. In these busy days a man cannot afford to spend much time travelling on the road. The Ford solves the problem for the farmer, the business man and everyone who requires a car.

W. A. TESKEY LOMOND.

Fruits!

The Pioneer Store will as usual look after your preserving fruit requirements this season. Come in and leave your order for delivery in season. We also have a good stock of glass sealers.

The Pioneer Store

A. PARKER, Prop.

Delaney & Armstrong

Dray and Transfer in Connection.
We Move Pianos Without a Scratch.

We Carry a Full Line of
High Grade Farm Machinery

Blacksmith Coal

To supply the great demand for Blacksmith Coal among the farmers, we have shipped in a car load. Get your supply while it lasts.

Binders

There was a great shortage last year and many orders were badly delayed. Early ordering this year will relieve you of all this worry.

FULL LINE I.H.C. FARM MACHINERY
IMPERIAL OIL CO'S. FUEL OILS, GREASES, ETC.
"BULL DOG" FANNING MILLS
DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS

Smith & Moran

Inside the Lines

By EARL DERR BIGGERS
AND
ROBERT WELLS RITCHIE

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SYNOPSIS

Just previous to the outbreak of the European war Jane Gerson, buyer for a New York house, meets a Captain Woodhouse on a train for Paris. He tells her he is en route for Egypt.

A spy, a spy, meets Billy Capper, another spy, in Berlin. She promises him a job and a number with the Wilhelmstrasse. Then Woodhouse meets Louisa and is observed by some American tourists, Henry Sherman and family.

Woodhouse (the name is assumed) is in a plot with Louisa to impersonate an English officer of that name, who is to be transferred from Wady Halfa to take charge of the signal tower at Gibraltar. Woodhouse, by agreement, purloins Capper's Wilhelmstrasse number.

Woodhouse proceeds to Alexandria and in Ramleh seeks Dr. Koch, a German spy. He shows him the number. Capper appears and makes trouble.

Woodhouse allays Koch's suspicions. Capper secretes himself in a neighboring garden and spies on Dr. Koch.

CHAPTER VI

A Ferret.

OUT of the rack of Capper's and reflections the old persistent call began to make itself heard before ever the train from Ramleh pulled into the Alexandria station. That elusive country of fountains, incense and rose dreams which can only be approached through the neck of a bottle spread itself before him alluringly, inviting him to forgetfulness. And Capper answered the call. From the railroad station he set his course through narrow villainous streets down to the district on Pharos, where the deep water men of all the world gather to make vivid the nights of Egypt. Behind him was the faithful shadow, Caesar, Dr. Koch's man. The Numidian trailed like a panther, sinking from cover to cover, bending his body as the big cat does to the accommodations of the trail's blinds.

Once Capper found himself in a blind alley, turned and strode out of it just in time to bump heavily into the unsuspected pursuer. Instantly a hem of the Numidian's cloak was lifted to screen his face, but not before the sharp eyes of the Englishman had seen and recognized it. A tart smile curled the corners of Capper's mouth as he passed on down the bazaar lined street to the Tavern of Thermopylae, at the next corner. So old Koch was taking precautions, eh? Well, Capper, for one could hardly blame him. Who wouldn't under the circumstances?

The Tavern of Thermopylae was built for the Billy Cappers of the world—a place of genial devilry where every man's gold was better than his name and no man asked more than to see the color of the stranger's money.

Capper called for an absinth dripper and established himself in a deserted corner of the smoke filled room.

Slip slip A soothing numbness came

to the tortured nerves. Slip-slip The clouds of doubt and self pity pressing down on his brain began to shred away. He saw things clearly now. Everything was as sharp and clear as the point of an icicle.

He reviewed with new zest his recent experiences, from the night he met Louisa in the Cafe Riche up to his interview with Dr. Koch. Louisa, that girl with the face of a fine animal and a heart as cold as carved amethyst—why had she been so will-

ing to intercede for Billy Capper with her superiors in the Wilhelmstrasse and procure him a number and a mission to Alexandria? For his information regarding the Anglo-Belgian understanding? But she paid for that. The deal was fairly closed with 300 marks. Did Louisa go further and list him in the Wilhelmstrasse out of the goodness of her heart or for old memory's sake? Capper smiled wryly over his absinth. There was no goodness in Louisa's heart, and the strongest memory she had was how nearly Billy Capper had dragged her down with him in the scandal of the Lord Fisher letters.

How the thin green blood of the wormwood cleared the mind, made it leap to logical reasoning!

Why had Louisa instructed him to leave Marseilles by the steamer touching at Malta when a swifter boat scheduled to go to Alexandria direct was leaving the French port a few hours later? Was it that the girl intended he should get no farther than Malta; that the English there should—

Capper laughed like the philosopher who has just discovered the absolute of life's futility. The ticket—his ticket from the Wilhelmstrasse which Louisa had procured for him; Louisa wanted that for other purposes and used him as the dummy to obtain it. She wanted it before he could arrive at Malta, and she got it before he left Marseilles. Even Louisa the wise had played with out discounting the double "O" on the wheel—fate's percentage in every game. She could not know the Venetian would be warned from lingering at Malta because of the exigency of war and that Billy Capper would reach Alexandria, after all.

The green logic in the glass carried Capper along with mathematical exactness of deduction. As he sipped his mind became a thing detached and, looking down from somewhere high above earth, reviewed the blundering course of Billy Capper's body from Berlin to Alexandria—the poor deluded body of a dupe. With this certitude of logic came the beginnings of resolve. Vague at first and intangible, then, helped by the absinth to focus, was this new determination. Capper nursed it, elaborated on it, took pleasure in forecasting its outcome and viewing himself in the new light of a humble hero. It was near morning, and the Tavern of Thermopylae was well nigh deserted when Capper paid his score and blundered through the early morning crowd of mixed races to his hotel. His legs were quite drunk, but his mind was coldly and acutely sober.

"Very drunk, master," was the report Caesar, the Numidian, delivered to Dr. Koch at the Ramleh villa. The doctor, believing Caesar to be a competent judge, chuckled in his beard. Caesar was called off from the trail.

Across the street from Dr. Koch's home on Queen's terrace was the summer home of a major of fusiliers, whose station was up the Nile. But this summer it was not occupied. The major had hurried his family back to England at the first mutterings of the great war, and he himself had to stick by his regiment up in the doubtful Sudan country. Like Dr. Koch's place, the major's yard was surrounded by a high wall, over which the fronds of big palms and flowered shrubs draped themselves. The nearest villa, aside from the Kochs' across the street, was a hundred yards away. At night an arc light, set about thirty feet from Dr. Koch's gate, marked all the road thereabouts with sharp blocks of light and shadow. One lying close atop the wall about the major's yard, screened by the palms and the heavy branches of some night blooming ghost flower, could command a perfect view of Dr. Koch's gateway without being himself visible.

At least, so Billy Capper found it on the night following his visit to the German physician's and his subsequent communion with himself at the Tavern of Thermopylae. Almost with

the falling of the dark Capper had stepped off the train at Ramleh station, ferried himself by boat down the canal that passed behind the major's home, after careful reconnoitering, discovered that the tangle of wildwood about the house was not guarded by a



He Commanded a Good View of the Gate.

watchman and had so achieved his position of vantage on top of the wall directly opposite the gateway of No. 32. He was stretched flat. Through the spaces between the dry fingers of a palm leaf he could command a good view of the gate and of the road on either side. Few pedestrians passed below him, an automobile or two puffed by, but in the main Queen's terrace was deserted and Capper was alone. It was a tedious vigil. Capper had no reliance except his instinct of a spy familiar with spy's work to assure that he would be rewarded for his pains. Some sixth sense in him had prompted him to come thither, sure in the promise that the night would not be misspent. A clock somewhere off in the odorless dark struck the hour twice, and Capper fidgeted. The hard stone he was lying on cramped him.

The sound of footsteps on the flagged walk aroused momentary interest. He looked out through his screen of green and saw a tall, well knit figure of a man approach the opposite gate, stop and ring the bell. Instantly Capper tingled with the hunting fever of his trade. In the strong light from the arc he could study minutely the face of the man at the gate—smoothly shaven, slightly gaunt and with thin lips above a strong chin. It was a striking face—one easily remembered. The gate opened. Beyond it Capper saw for an instant the white figure of the Numidian he had bumped into at the alley's mouth. The gate closed on both.

Another weary hour for the ferret on the wall; then something happened that was reward enough for cramped muscles and taut nerves. An automobile purred up to the gate. Out of it hopped two men, while a third, tilted over like one drunk, remained on the rear seat of the tonneau. One rang the bell. The two before the gate fidgeted anxiously for it to be opened. Capper paid not so much heed to them as to the half reclining figure in the machine. It was in strong light. Capper saw, with a leap of his heart, that the man in the machine was clothed in the khaki service uniform of the British army—an officer's uniform he judged by the trimness of its fitting, though he could not see the shoulder straps. The unconscious man was bareheaded, and one side of his face was darkened by a broad trickle of blood from the scalp.

When the gate opened there were a few hurried words between the Numidian and the two who had waited. All three united in lifting an inert figure from the car and carrying it quickly through the gate. Consumed with the desire to follow them into the labyrinth of the doctor's yard, yet not daring, Capper remained plastered to the wall.

Captain Woodhouse, sitting in the consultation room with the doctor, heard the front door open and the shuffle of burdened feet in the hall. Dr. Koch hopped nimbly to the sliding doors and threw them back. First the Numidian's broad back, then the

beast shoulders of two other men, both ill dressed, came into view. Between them they carried the form of a man in officer's khaki. Woodhouse could not check a fluttering of the muscles in his cheeks. This was a surprise to him. The doctor had given no hint of it.

"Good, good!" clucked Koch, indicating that they should lay their burden on the operating chair. "Any trouble?"

"None in the least, Herr Doktor," the larger of the two white men answered. "At the corner of the warehouse near the docks, where it is dark—he was going early to the Princess Mary, and—"

"Yes; a tap on the head—so?" Koch broke in, casting a quick glance toward where Captain Woodhouse had risen from his seat. A shrewd appraising glance it was, which was not lost on Woodhouse. He stepped forward to join the physician by the side of the figure on the operating chair.

"Our man, doctor?" he queried casually.

"Your name sponsor," Koch answered, with a satisfied chuckle; "the original Captain Woodhouse of his majesty's signal service, formerly stationed at Wady Halfa."

"Quite so," the other answered in English. Dr. Koch clapped him on the shoulder.

"Perfect, man! You do the Englishman from the book. It will fool them all."

Woodhouse shrugged his shoulders in deprecation. Koch cackled on as he began to lay out sponge and gauze bandages on the glass topped table by the operating chair.

"You see, I did not tell you of this because—well, that fellow Capper's coming last night looked bad. Even your explanation did not altogether convince. So I thought we'd have this little surprise for you. If you were an Englishman you'd show it in the face of this—you couldn't help it, eh?"

"Possibly not," the captain vouchsafed. "But what is your plan, doctor? What are you going to do with this Captain Woodhouse to insure his being out of the way while I am in Gibraltar? I hope no violence—unless necessary."

"Nothing more violent than a violent headache and some fever," Koch answered. He was busy fumbling in the unconscious man's pockets. From the breast pocket of the uniform jacket he withdrew a wallet, glanced at its contents and passed it to the captain.

"Your papers, captain—the papers of transfer from Wady Halfa to Gibraltar. Money too. I suppose we'll have to take that, also, to make appearances perfect—robbery following assault on the wharves."

Woodhouse pocketed the military papers in the wallet and laid it down, the money untouched. The two white aids of Dr. Koch, who were standing by the folding doors, eyed the leather folder hungrily. Koch meanwhile had stripped off the jacket from the Englishman and was rolling up the right sleeve of his shirt. That done, he brought down from the top of the glass instrument case a wooden rack containing several test tubes, stoppered with cotton. One glass tube he lifted out of the rack and squirted at its clouded contents against the light.

"A very handy little thing—very handy," Koch was talking to himself as much as to Woodhouse. "A sweet little product of the Niam Niam country down in Belgian Congo. Natives think no more of it than they would of a water fly's bite, but the white man is—"

"A virus of some kind," the other guessed.

"Of my own isolation," Dr. Koch answered proudly. "I've tested the virus on the victim's arm until the blood came, then dipped an ivory spatula into the tube of murky gelatin and transferred what it brought up to the raw place in the flesh."

"The action is very quick and may

be violent," he continued. "Our friend here won't recover consciousness for three days, and he will be unable to stand on his feet for two weeks at least—dizziness, intermittent fever, clouded memory. He'll be pretty sick."

"But not too sick to communicate with others," Woodhouse suggested. "Surely!"

"Maybe not too sick, but unable to communicate with others," Dr. Koch interrupted, with a booming laugh. "This time tomorrow night our friend will be well out on the Libyan desert, with some ungentle Bedouins for company. He's bound for Fezzan, and it will be a long way home without money. Who knows? Maybe three months."

Very deftly Koch bound up the abrasion on the Englishman's arm with gauze, explaining as he worked that the man's desert guardians would have instructions to remove the bandages before he recovered his faculties. There would be nothing to tell the luckless prisoner more than that he had been kidnapped, robbed and carried away by tribesmen—a not uncommon occurrence in lower Egypt. Koch completed his work by directing his aids to strip off the rest of the unconscious man's uniform and clothe him in a nondescript civilian garb that Caesar brought into the consultation room from the mysterious upper regions of the house.

"Exit Captain Woodhouse of the signal service," the smiling doctor exclaimed when the last button of the misfit jacket had been flapped into its buttonhole, "and enter Captain Woodhouse of the Wilhelmstrasse." Turning, he bowed humorously to the lean faced man beside him. He nodded his head at Caesar. The latter dived into a cupboard at the far end of the room and brought out a squat flask and glasses, which he passed around. When the liquor had been poured Dr. Koch lifted his glass and squinted through it with the air of a gentle satyr.

"Gentlemen, we drink to what will happen soon on the rock of Gibraltar!" All downed the toast gravely. Then the master of the house jerked his head toward the unconscious man on the operating chair. Caesar and the two white men lifted the limp body and started with it to the door. Dr. Koch preceded them to open doors. The muffled chug-chugging of the auto at the gate sounded almost at once.

The doctor and No. 1932 remained together in the consultation room for a few minutes, going over, in final review, the plans that the latter was



"To what will happen soon on the Rock of Gibraltar!"

to put into execution at the great English stronghold on the Rock. The captain looked at his watch, found the hour late and rose to depart. Dr. Koch accompanied him to the gate and stood with him for a minute under the strong light from the nearby arc.

"You go direct to the Princess Mary?" he asked.

"Direct to the Princess Mary," the other answered. "She is to sail at 5 o'clock."

"Then God guard you, my friend, on your great adventure." They clasped hands, and the gate closed behind the doctor.

A shadow slipped from the top of the wall about the major's house across the road. A shadow dogged the footsteps of the tall, well knit man who strode down the deserted Queen's terrace toward the tiled station by the tracks. A little more than an hour later the same shadow flitted up the gangplank of the Princess Mary at her berth. When the big P. and O. liner pulled out at dawn she carried among her saloon passengers one registered as "C. G. Woodhouse, Capt. Sig. Service," and in her second cabin a "William Capper."

FOR SALE

Pure bred Berkshire pigs, registered stock. Can be seen at Lomond Fair. F. Newton. Lomond.

TENDERS WANTED

Aug. 11th., 10 tons lump coal on or before Sept. 15th. Vern Davies, Secretary.

Phillips & Munro



Everything in Hardware. Oils, Paints, and Glasses. Hot air, hot water and Steam Heating.

HUGHES' DRUG STORE

For Reliable Service

We carry a big range of Veterinary Remedies and Poultry Foods. Get your Water Glass now for preserving eggs. Choice CHOCOLATES, fine STATIONERY, BASE BALL SUPPLIES. Agent for KODAKS and SUPPLIES; COLUMBIA GRAFONOLAS and RECORDS. Your Prescriptions and Family Receipts carefully filled.

R. H. Hughes

CHEMIST

DRUGGIST



ASSOCIATED FARMERS Limited
Lomond, Alberta

We Sell

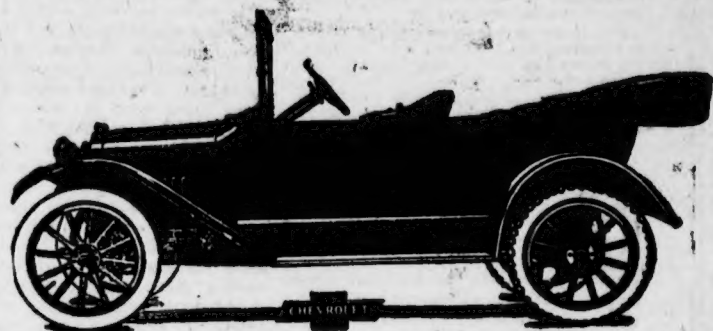
J. I. CASE

Oil, Gas and Steam

Engines, and Threshing Machines

SMITH & MORAN
LOMOND

Press Want Ads Bring Results



"Chevrolets"

Model "A" 490 - \$825.00

One Man Top, De-Mountable Rims, Tire Carrier, Robe Rail and Foot Rail, Door Pockets, Yacht Line Body Painted Chevrolet Green.

Baby Grand - \$1325.00

Chevrolet Eight - \$1875.00

There is a "Chevrolet" to meet the demand of every buyer—from the serviceable "490" to the luxuriously designed "Chevrolet Eight".

SEE THE NEW "DODGE"

Now on Display

A Couple of Good Second Hand Cars for Sale.

Sawyer-Massey Threshing Machinery.

Waterloo Separators.

Gould-Shapely & Muir Pumping Engines and Windmills.

J. A. BOWERS

LOMOND, - ALBERTA

Auction Sale

By instructions from the undersigned I will sell by Public Auction, at Stock Yards

Lomond Alta.

ON

Sat. Aug. 4th.

AT 2 P.M.

Car load choice milch cows some fresh, balance will freshen shortly. All well bred holsteins or durhams of extra fine type.

TERMS: Cash. Absolutely No Reserve.

Thos. Arnold, Prop. W. J. Douglas, Auctioneer

FOR SALE

Victor Victrola, full cabnit, used two years. Records included. Owner going away must sell. Inquire Hastings, Traverer

Lomond Fair Aug. 6th and 7th.

FOR SALE

Fifty mares and geldings, work stock. Must be sold. Apply Geo. Hoadley or Peter Robb, Stone Lease, River Bow P. O.

FOR SALE

Two lots on Centre Street, Lomond, with 4-roomed house. Apply at Lomond Press.

Bow City Coal Mine!

Plenty of Coal Ready - Plenty of Miners
No Delay in Loading Teams.
\$4.00 Per Ton

THE PRAITIE CITY COAL MINE
Eyremore P. O.



THE STANDARD BANK

OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

TRUST FUNDS

Our Savings Department gives you a guarantee of absolute security and interest at current rate.

LOMOND BRANCH

L. M. SWAIN,

Manager.

The Central Garage

LOMOND

FREE AIR

A Complete and up-to-date line of Accessories and Tires. The new No Glare Headlights.

Expert repairman on all makes of cars.

Vulcan Stage!

Return Trip Made Every Wednesday and Saturday.

Charters & Travis

PROPRIETORS

The modern farm requires expensive buildings. In a few years these rapidly deteriorate unless protected by good paint.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

PAINTS AND VARNISHES FOR FARM USE

No farm owner can afford to leave his farm buildings unpainted. When new they appear to stand the weather alright, but surely and gradually the lumber begins to crack and check, decay starts, and before you realize it you have a leaky, draughty barn, and expensive repairs are necessary.

The regular use of paint means a small outlay occasionally, but it keeps your buildings as good as new.

S-W Barn Red is a special paint for painting farm buildings. It is economical in price and it gives good service. It is one of the full line of Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes which we carry in stock.

Associated Farmers

... Limited ...
Lomond, Alberta



TRAVERS

Mr. Paul Mosler has secured a good well on the school section which he has leased across the road from him.

Mr. Hoidge of Lomond was a Travers caller Monday.

Mr. Kelly and wife have moved here and he has taken over the managing of the Commesary for the Southern Alberta Land Co. as the former manager has gone out to the camp.

The population is increasing rapidly here the past week, two baby boys have been born, one to Mr. and Mrs. Al Jones on Sunday and one to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lynk on Tuesday. All concerned are doing nicely.

Mrs. King, of Oaklahoma, is visiting her mother Mrs. Elgin.

Albert Graham and Roy Witting made a business trip to Brooks this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Maakestad from N. D. were visitors at the Witting and Ulrick homes on Monday.

Ladies Aid met with Mrs. H. Hunter. A large crowd was present especially visitors and a large quilt was most finished it is hoped these visitors will become regular members. The next meeting will be held at the hall the 22nd as there will be plenty of room and two quilts will be put in the frames for working.

Restaurant

Jang How, Prop.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Soft Drinks Temperance Beer,
Confectionery, Cigars and Tobacco

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Lomond, Alberta

Let us figure on that house or barn you are going to build. Prices moderate and first-class work is Guaranteed.

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TIMOTHY HAY FOR
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SOLICITOR AND
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For Sale!

"Marsailles" Portable Grain Loader with a 3 h.p. "Olds" Engine, all in good order. Can be seen at Lomond. For price and particulars apply to

F. O. COX, Lomond

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If your growing crops are insured in any one of the following Hail Insurance companies, you need not worry about hail-storms.

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Automobile in good condition for sale. Will exchange for horses or cattle.

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